# Witch Woman

I hear your voice low in the dusk
Like the notes of the harp player
that carve the still air
Into a sensuous and subtle imagery
of sound
And my senses are drowned
By the scent of oleander and the musk
Of the datura dimly shining in
the dark,
While your voice troubles the still air,

And I recall
An ancient garden and a secret call
And your slant eyes and your red hair
Engender dreams of days beyond despair

And under your sorcery I fare forth
To fabulous Lands and meadows
green with Spring
And caught on the gossamer web of
evening
I behold incredible things no poet
ever told.

# Night

Subtle and amorous
Lamia sings her love song on the evening
As is heard the alien, dubious song of the
night bird
Or the purr of the lioness
In the dim, lambent dark
Or the soft disastrous word
Of murder
following the exstinguished spark
Into nothingness.

Allwhile the subject of her langerous caress
Dreams darkly dreams
As voyaging Deathward, the transfigured
Swan
Sings splenderous, sad things,
Drifts deeply down and meets, with
folded wings
The jeweled night
Or as the noon bright, desert sun-drooms-
down
Into the smiling, upturned remnent
of a face.

cont.

A Knife is beautifull, a jaguar
In motion is the embodiment of grace
And slowly in the quiet house in evening
I dream afar,
Seeking forbidden things on a black star
While, throatily × Lamia sings
Her strange caress.

As strum× the stirring crotali
As the leopardess doth sing,
As does the vulture, strident, cry,
So does Lamia strum and sing and cry
As wanton as the setting of a star
In an ensanguined sea.

Dear dreadful dark,
Lean over me and press
The curtain of your awesome tenderness
Against my mind.
Mother of stars, the secret of your vast
maturnity
In the infinity
Of the deep scented terror of the night
As echoes long
Lamia's doubtfull song.

# The Fool

I followed a lonely way
I followed a drifting star
And following ever, a beast behind,
But the star was far and far.

I left the cozy corral,
I left the comfortable herd
To seek a dream in the dreamy sky
And a shrilling song unheard.

I found a wonderful flower
That mirrored the dream in the air.
I reached to gather the flower in
For my close curling hair.

And a little spotted snake
Struck from the golden bud.
I followed a lonely way
With poison in my blood.

I walked a dreadful way -
In the jungle, sick and blind

With quiet laughter overhead
And a monstrous beast behind.

At last I turned at bay
On the narrow way I trod
And screamed aloud at what I saw,
For lo, the beast was God!

With the eyes of a laughing girl
And the flower in his hair
And the spotted snake about his throat
And his face was cruel and fair.

Pan

o not lament thus. ~~you~~ who have known
and lost me.
lith pale pastels and sounds of ~~a~~ tuneless
lyres,
I was the ~~honey-dew~~ amber girl when
first you found me,
~~I was~~ The golden boy in the pastels of
new desires,
I was the wind of ~~summer~~ Spring,
of roses,
I was ~~the sky~~, the night, the garden,
and I. the fire.
~~I was~~ the rod that wakes, the flower that
disposes,
I the immortal singer, the song, the lyre.

I am the Autumn now; my winds are
blowing
Blossoms of Summer barrenly they blow
Leaves and desires and summer hopes
fore knowing
I shall be Winter and silence of the
snow.

cont.

Still I am thine, O stricken heart, to
follow
Past pole and glacier, where I brood alone,
Exultant, where all hopes and fears are
hollow,
The core of steel within the heart of stone.

I, who am black and bleak with old
disasters,
Was I not beautiful, and am I now
the less
Than all the pale and pure and pretty
masters
That leave you now upon my wilderness?

Then will you dare me, stinking and
sardonic
Who called me, soft and lovely, by my
name?
Embrace me then and feel my kiss
demonic
Shatter the glacier and reveal the flame.

# Stonehenge

The summer thunders clatters in the
west
As though
The ghosts of Ceasars' iron legions go
Behind the hills.
The ancient oaks are shadowy and still.
The mistletoe
Subservent in the argent of the glow
Of moonlight, waits the golden sickle's
will
The woods await a thaumaturgic tune
That called old gods beneath a younger
moon,
And will await until the gods come
back.
I know
They will return, who, going, left the
Slow
Still circle broken and the altar black.

# The Garden

There is a garden where Death has gone
to sleep ...
Dark Death, like a pale, tired boy, nods
drowsily,
For he is enamored of her and doth keep
Her luminous blossoms forever from decay.

There in the dusky day, in the dim air
Dreams, like disturbing notes from a
secret song,
Shimmer and float between beauty and
despair
In an ecstasy no heart endures for long.

And to this golden garden all lovers
come,
Young lovers, happening on eternity
Where dark Death sleeps and dreams,
there venturing some
Are briefly raised beyond desire or pity.

cont.

Raised to a pitch of beauty unendured
By faint mortality, whose sobbing shakes
The garden's subtle silence, that immured
Sleep from which inhuman laberinth
Death wakes.

# Danse

The night, a huge black panther flecked
with stars,
Uneasily allows the warm, west wind's
caress.
The moon, disasterous golden banner,
Slightly smiles.

Off-stage, an orchestra complains of Love.
Center, a sad-faced ape in clown costume
Danses slow, stately circles.
A were wolf, left, sings raucously,
A horrible, small song.
While, right, a vampire, fondling a
skull,
Is also smiling.

Alto saxaphone in the orchestra (sings),
"My love, my love, my love."
Were wolf (sings)
"Oh, moon, oblique and smiling sinister,
Oh, bloody promise in the sky,
Oh, beautiful dancer mine,
Betrothed, beloved — "
(He howls)

cont.

Cont.

(Saraphone) "my love, my love, my love —
(Were wolf) "Rot flesh and go down kingdome
To a sunken, jelled sea
Where black stars and wicked
women
Reel in infamy."

The vampire, smiling still, regards the
skull,
Which vocalizes in a rich, deep baritone.
(Skull) "Believe me if all those endearing
young charms, etc."

The ape continues dancing
(Were wolf)
"O, night of stars that corscate
Like semen spated in the womb
of night —
O, serpent woman smiling sinister —
O, Lovely dancer at the feast to be
Saraphone; "my love, my love, my love."

I see him tread a craggy path
Over dark hills, outlined against the sky,
In a flapping cloak and his sardonic eye
Gleams with a joyous wrath

And he lifts his arms and behold,
A flight of birds all gold
In the sunset, carrying dreams,
Strange dreams from out of Africa and
Spain
Then, in a harsh voice, he spells the sun
And leaps and dances on its crimson
tomb,
Casting distorted shadows on the moon
New risen.

I see him flinging out his cloak,
That swells and swirls like thick smoke,
That rushes outward and expands
To engulf the houses in all lands.

cont.

ont.

low, naked on the highest peak,
le pauses with both hands above his head,
fe laughs, he flings them out with all
his might
)nd sows a million stars upon the night.

Now while the sky is apple green
And the wind is still, and the moon is ripe,
Come to the hollow under the hill
While the night is young, and the evening
thrills
to the thump of drums, and the strum of
strings
And the shrill cry of the pipe.
A girl and a goat are dancing there
In the hollow under the hill.
The goat is black as the girl is fair,
But his eyes are gold as her flying hair,
With the thump of drums, and the strum
of strings
And the shrill cry of the pipe.

His eyes are yellow and patient and wise,
As a snake is patient, a sage is wise,
But the golden girl has a demon's eyes
As she dances and smiles in his golden eyes
To the thump of drums and the strum
of strings
And the shrill cry of the pipe.

Drug me with drugs
Slow acting, sensuous, sweet.
Co-mingle gin and musk,
Hashish and amber.
Let me drink and breath
And hear slow, devious music
Until aroused
To subtle, dangerous moods,
Until I see
Ochre and mazerine and purple
Emit lascivious sounds

Then I shall go
Through dark and gothic ruins,
Grey and golden mists
Down to a forrest coeval,
Green
With an old dream

I shall go naked
Amid magnolia and oleander
Datura and Jasmine,
Whose blossoms will open and
vaginally flower.

cont.

cont.

In infinite time, for a relative hour,

Whose white, subliminal flowers
Will caress my breasts

And I shall perform stately,
Phallic arabesques
In the moon light,
Pale and white.

In a far place, in a dry land
Where skull face with clawed hand
Beats Death Drums.

In a high place, in a far land
Where beak face with stone knife
Draws thin lines on taut chest
Where hot life beats Death Drums.

In a red place, where a red sun
Is blood red and a damned race
Head skull face beat Death Drums.
And each face is skull face
And spit runs from sharp mouth
In a dead sun and the hot drought
Is done Death Drum.

In a red rain, in a red feast, in a red
Pain, where a red beast with a skull face
Beats Death Drums
Death Drums
Death Drums

Ah, the horned moon
Smiles in the purple sky.

Not more obliquely sly
Than your sly smiling, Sister.

See the ebon goats'
Wise, dubious yellow eyes,

No more wildly wise
Than your wild, wise eyes, sister.

Hark, a muted drum
Beats in the woods below
And what the lights that go
Incessant, to and fro.

Stars, they have caught, sister,
And their eyes,
Like yours,
Yellow and wise.

What shall the altar be,
And what the chalice cup?
What incense offered up,
And what the altar fire?

cont.

cont.

The altar shall be white
As your white body, sister,
The chalise cup be red
As your mouth, sly smiling.

Bright blood and dark desire
Shall feed the altar fire.

Light and airy, bright and faery
In the glade — how she whirls.
Like a paragon of girls,
On the strings, gossamer things.
Leading upward to the wings
In the boughs
Worked by long inhuman fingers,
Watched by sly, inhuman eyes.
Eyes of spiders watching flies.

Right foot forward, left foot back,
Flashing curls and dainty face,
Like a little painted death.
Now he spies her, draws his breath,
Tiptoes closer, stares enwrapt,
Reaches out essaying hands —
Jerks the strands.

Down, down, dreadful down
On the unsuspecting clown,
Clicking fangs and fearful screams
And silence, and thereafter —
Low, long laughter.

Red bearded Barbarossa sleeps
In Traumfells, where the raven keeps
His sentinelship, nor yet
Is Roland from his tower come,
Nor Arthur back from Avalon.

The hours darken and the years
Grow black with evil things
And mad machines spawn monstrous fears
That follow sleep with somber wings.

The sword lies dreaming in the stone
Neath waters over Avalon.
I would there were one man to tell
The evil dream, the darkling hell,
To seize the sword, to raise the spell,

Then England's mighty oaks would sing,
The mistletoe, beneath the moon,
Would glow and chant the Druid rune
The spirit of the corn
Would walk, and greet the morn.

The wind is a tumult of shouting and
Laughter
And over the valleys and in the sky
I hear your piping and follow after.
I see the rioting clouds go by.

Your hair is a banner for rally of
rainbows.
The wind is a tame wolf with your
tolking sheep.
Splendor of sunbursts are shafts for
your arrows
And meadows marshall and march
At your feet.

Flower and feather and fur in wonder
follow your stride to the singing sea
And ocean greets you with murmer
And thunder,
With swell of billow and shimmer
of lea.

cont.

cont.

Then striding to mountains with sunset
flaming;
A radient brand in your lovely hair,
With fire and purple. I see you
taming
The wrath of winter, the fury of air.

If all my words were stars on silver strings,
Or oceanic jewels, or from the well
Of my heart's blood, there are some things
Of which I could not tell, could never tell.

I could not tell how autumn sadness stirs
Sear memories and balked desires half known.
Or how the summer moon, behind old firs
Smiles secretly, triumphant and alone.
Or, how far mountains move majestically
In evening shadows when the embers die,
Or why the night is still, or of the free,
High tumult of the wild geese in the sky.
Or where dead loves go, or the leaves that blow
Down drifting winds to other lands than these,
Of songs of summer isles and silent snow
And dim disasters under sullen seas.

cont.

cont.

Least could I tell you what is in my
mind,
Seeing your face on mist I half forget,
Half hope, remembering the wind
Stirring your hair to flames of old regret.

Remembered, faraway
Or near at hand, forgot,
You are in every land
Where I am not

I see you walk the wind
Like a banner flying
Where the sun sets, with the day
And the summer dying.

Lips, hair and lovely limbs
Eyes I called you
Flashing the desperate message
I never knew.

You are on all roads now
I have not taken,
With all remembered things
Lost, or forsaken

With the stars and the hills
And the geese that go

cont.

cont.

And all things I have loved
And do not know.

Beloved, I have not known,
That I knew so well,
Being both mine and alone,
Unknown, farewell.

# Passion Flowers

Where are you going, mother, mother
By the dark wood stream
Where wolfbane grows, and deadly clover
And the owls eyes gleam?

I am gathering simples, son, my lover
And flowers for memory of my daughter
A hand full of ashes is all they cover
But they will suffice for those that
sought her.

Why do you gather monkshood chilly
And nellebore, and laurel cherry
When she was as fair as the valley lilly
And her hair red as the rowan berry?

Three times she called on SATAN, lover
In the public square, in the red fire
light
And once for vengance to me, her mother
The herbs I gather will serve, Tonight.

ot for The sorry carrion That was laid
leeding before Judeah for a whore -
eloved prostitute, not for The lustful dust
hat smiles no more upon my carved bed.

ot for The eight left hanging until rain
ashed down The anger of a righteos god
r Merab's lammentation for her sons
r Michal's golden harvest gone To weed

lot for These dirtied hands, This blodied robe
his beard blown awry in The winds of Time
lor for The sudden lightening long lost
n alien Thunder on The distant hills

lot even for The Tall and headstrong son
scowling and dark and beautiful, That lay
sprawling in blood upon The Hebron plain
But for one Thing, a young man's face
Under mad eyes That guessed, but
never spoke.

# Neurosis

n pale face, dreaming in The dark
naster of webs and silences
mid luxurious blossoms of The night
where ghostly, long limmed spiders slowly
sTalk
and reach up dubious feelers To your
eyes
serenly closed.

estoons of dim evasions by a dank
lagoon
alf Truths That fatten on a secret life
nd Take weak wings, and wander with
The wind
one seeking.

ld loveliness oergrown with gaudy molds
ost powers, like The Trunks of blasted
Trees
ld songs gone hollow in an empty house
For saken.

A shutter slowly opens on The wind
And something sly looks out, and is
afraid
Perceiving Tokens of a murderd spring,
deep buried.

cont

A pale distorted face upon the night
Master of webs and silences and lies
The night moths flutter round it like
a bloom
slow closing.

# Eden

There were four in the garden
Not Two, as they say
And that is the reason
The world is this way

There was Adam, and Lilith
And SATAN, and Eve
And Adam loved Lilith
Foresaking poor Eve.

Then Eva loved Satan
And Satan himself
And Lilith loved Lilith
In darkness and stealth.

And God loved the four
Which was certainly odd.
Since in all the confusion
No one loved God.

And now bitterly
I look upon God
Ialdabaoth
Ironic, vengful, and grotesque.
He calls Himself Pancho Villa
But I know Him
Who set Halpin Fraser
Gnawing his mother's bones in a graveyard
And I am caught up into heaven alive,
Cursing.

Harpocrates

How craftily does This pale ape conspire
To snare a god in webs of memory
And weave from incest an oblique desire
For an ephemeral nervenet's immortality.

Out of failed ~~hopes~~, dead loves, dreams gone awry
Like some sea creature leaving halls of shell
He builds so beautifuly the gods must envy
Monuments To his fear of ghosts, and Hell

Seeking, forever seeking out of season
In every future solace from The past
And in a moments Trance Trancending reason
He shall not last, but shall himself outlast

From unbreached lonliness his soul goes winging
To undreamed heavens or an unknown doom
Against This heedlesness I hear him singing
Deep in The darkness of a little room.

# Lesbians

I suppose I should hate you, whose red mou
Sullen
And whose eyes look upon me contemptously
Save That I Too have known The pain and
sadness
of lust for That which cannot be.

yes, I have known unbridled lust and
madness
of passion for The passionless cares
For The moon's fire and The grey ocean's
gladness
And The incredible flower in The ice
wilderness

Therefore I love you, sisters in damnation
whose loves, more cruel and Tender Than
my own
In soft melodious songs make incantation
That calls The goddess from The Lonian
sea foam.

# Night Song

I saw a gipsy going
Into a factory
A red flower going
On a black river flowing
Down into hell.

I heard a strange song rising
Out of a prison
A star rising
And yearning and burning
Out of a tomb.

Oh gipsy going
Flower flowing
Star glowing?
What doom?

# The Witch House

I have strayed in a forrest enchanted
Where bale fire glows
And followed a face, witch haunted
The mad moon knows.

I have come To The hostelry of poets
To The Sylvn's home
Where angels and shadows foregather
In black star foam.

Yea, where corpse lights flicker
And witchfires gleam
And The past, unbearably nostalgic
Looms in a dream

And The future, evanescent and Tragic
Is met in a dream

Here in The darkness suspended
From The heaven That was, and is ended
And The heaven To be
What phantoms I see.

Winged demons, like kings in a story
Set empires before me
And princesses woo me, and witch queens
pursue me
In castles of glass

contd.

And the panolpies pass - - -
And I struggle with specters and cobwebs -
I speak with the moon
And slyly my shadow behind me
Is weaving a doom

And death, like the tick of a clock in a
boarded up room
whispers circle and circle and circle
forever
Too late and too soon..